

Letter

Dear wife, Writing at midnight was simpler.
Now life's punctuations, syntax, parentheses,
stiffen this wrinkled hand; bathos
is my shining crown; words will not offset

our separation

Today, blinking to watch your flight lift away,
I was afraid that more than stars or waves or time
might intervene. If it could. Yours ever with love.

SELWYN PRITCHARD